A Vocation Most Suitable for Women

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

THE reason why women are notably successful as publicity agents is not difficult to find. Their personality is usually such that they have little trouble in "putting things across" with the managing editors of newspapers, and, if versed in human nature, they know just what there is in the life of the person seeking publicity that the reading public wants to know.

More and more women are going into publicity. It is becoming a chosen vocation, and one for which the experiences every woman has in climbing into a business career naturally fit her.

Miss Beulah Livingston, of New York City, is a marked success in this work: She did not start out with this as her ambition, but seems to have engaged on the way to it in just the work she needed for her training.

She is a Georgia girl, which means that she has the pleasing personality the job requires. She began earning her living as a teacher in kindergarten in New York; down there on the East Side where not one of her fifty-seven varieties of children could speak a word of English. The juvenile stories assigned to them, though Mother Goose in grade, were too deep for them to comprehend, so she began to make up her own stories.

The superintendent heard her tell one one day, and was interested, so interested, and so complimentary, that Miss Livingston branched out, and as a side line to teaching began to write children's stories for a New York paper—not to fit her for any other career than that in which she was engaged, but to earn money that she might some day set her face toward Europe.

While engaged in this newspaper work she was asked to do the publicity for "Damaged Goods"; not by a theatrical manager, as one might surmise, but by the medical association that put it forth. She did it, earned more money, saved it, went to Paris, and it was there she met Pavlowa and Lou Tellegan, and it was there she conceived the idea of doing publicity, for both needed it, being en route to this country. Both suggested that she do it for them.

This was the beginning of the work for which she had unconsciously trained. She resigned her position as a school teacher, and began dealing in printer's ink for some of the leading actresses and actors of the day. She took charge of the press work end of "Nobody Home," "Leave It to Jane," "Oh, Boy," and scores of plays that have proven successes in recent years, and is now engaged in making the names of the three Talmadge sisters household words.

Perhaps her most interesting experience was a whirlwind tour from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast and return in less than six weeks, as advance agent for Madame Petrova, who engaged in waking up the country to the necessity of buying War Stamps.

Miss Livingston covered thirty-five cities in forty days; visited one hundred and seven newspaper offices, and shook hands with 249 managing editors, city editors, feature writers and motion picture editors. She visited seventy different theaters to make arrangements for Madame Petrova's appearance, and in each house had to submit to the manager's local pride and be dragged up and down stairs, to the mezzanine parlors and back stage to admire his theater.

She had lunch or dinner with nine mayors, eighteen chairmen of war stamp committees, and any member of prominent picture exhibitors, all of which might have been pleasant had she not, every minute of the time, had one eye fastened on her wrist watch and the other on a time table. She spent twenty-three nights on the train, and the balance in hotels. Of just how many station sandwiches she ate, or how many cups of coffee she drank hurriedly, she has no account.

"But, after all," she says with a laugh, "I do not grumble because the results were worth any amount of inconvenience. Madame Petrova sold $487,000 worth of Thrift and War Stamps for the government on that tour, and there are three fat press-books on my desk bulging with the news of her tremendous success in each of the thirty-five cities.

"I think publicity is the coming game of women. I call it 'game' because it is as fascinating as one. It pays better than teaching or newspaper work, and is not as deadening. I have helped twenty girls to get positions in publicity work who increased their pay checks from $25 to $75 a week in doing it.

"There is more future to it. A woman who is on a newspaper can not hope to advance much higher than manager of a Woman's Page, for which she gets, at the most, fifty dollars a week, and rarely that.

"In her work she deals with such feminine trifles as the icing of a cake, or the making of bedroom curtains of grandmother's Swiss dress. Perhaps she also includes an inane discussion of how many times a young man should call on a girl before he attempts to squeeze her hand.

BEULAH LIVINGSTON
From a sketch by Neysa McMein

"All this is very important, I don't doubt. The happiness of the home, we learn in the Woman's Page, is dependent on just such information. No woman may hope to keep her husband's love without it—but it is paralyzing to the brain and ambition of the under-paid woman who puts it in shape for the readers.

"There is no limit to the possibilities of publicity. It is becoming a recognized business necessity, and men who fought shy of it ten years ago are now realizing the value of seeking it. Every success is built on it. The war was won through it. It is becoming as essential a necessity to success as an office equipment is to a bookkeeper.

"I meet the most interesting and prominent people while engaged in the work. My horizon broadens, my sympathies deepen. I feel that I am growing in every way every day I stay in it. I am sure it is just the vocation for women because their very natures are adapted to knowing just what information does the most good to the one seeking publicity and which, at the same time, will interest the audience.

"Men are making great successes in publicity, but it is the woman who is giving it the human touch."

A Visit to Edith Cavell's Cell—By EDWARD SCHULER

St. Gilles Prison, Near Brussels, Belgium, Jan., 1920.

ANNOUNCEMENT that the cell in the prison at St. Gilles, on the outskirts of Brussels, wherein Miss Edith Cavell was incarcerated while awaiting trial and the German firing squad, had been transformed by the Belgians into a museum is bringing numerous American and British visitors to the penitentiary. There has been as yet no real inauguration of the museum, simple in the extreme, and permission to visit is not given every one.

The central prison at St. Gilles is a busy place these days. It is full of persons, soldiers and others, accused of disloyalty to Belgium during the German occupation. The government has not been lenient with these delinquents and is making each of them answer to justice. Besides, Sunday is the general visiting day and it was on a Monday that a reporter called. Thus, Monsieur le Directeur, attired in a blue uniform similar to the attire of a Belgian officer gendarme, was inclined to hesitate somewhat before allowing a newspaperman to gain access to the barred inclosure. Though the war is over, official routine still reigns in foreign lands, and in some cases with a higher hand than ever in war-time. Unwilling to assume the responsibility of granting permission himself, saying this must come from "higher up," he consented with true Belgian politeness to telephone to Monsieur, le Ministre de la Justice. Excusing himself, Monsieur le Directeur went to an adjoining sanctum, returned in a few minutes and with a smile announced to the visitor that he himself would accompany him on his pilgrimage.

Leaving his comfortable office in an outer lobby one saw two gates, each carefully guarded, which intercept the passage along the main lobby. A military salute and a quick turn of the key by the guardian brought the director and his visitor through the first gate. A similar operation at the second gate and both were "prisoners" for the time being. The healthy atmosphere of this well ventilated penitentiary in contrast with the sombre surroundings of some American jails and bridewells was noticed. To the right of the first gate are located the magistrate's quarters, cashier's and bailiff's offices, lawyers' rooms and observation cell for mental cases, and in a distinct lobby four cells of "repression," other cells, archive rooms, etc. After the second gate, a large staircase leads to the library and chapels of different sects. The gallery broadens and debouches out to the central point of the prison, which forms a dodecagon of a diameter of 36 feet from which converge all parts of the edifice and the wings which are numbered A, B, C, D, E. Wing A on the ground floor tier contains cell number 23 reserved for her whose name will live in history. A little farther beyond is number 37, which was occupied by Gabrielle Petit, a young Belgian who was also condemned to death by the Germans for spying, and actually executed. Her cell, too, has been made into a museum.

At the left of wing A is the record room where, until her death, the name of Miss Cavell, along with numerous other prisoners, was constantly in view. Doubtless this was an unnecessary formality in her case, so well was she known to the Commandantur. Four tiers, A, B, C, D, the director said, were used by the Germans for all those whom they deemed guilty of offenses during the occupation. E tier was turned over to the Belgians for their prisoners, but remained under control of the German administration. A few more salutes en passant and "23" was reached. On the door is this inscription in French:

Prison at St. Gilles, near Brussels, where Miss Cavell was imprisoned.

> In Memoriam, Edith Cavell, Shot by the Germans October 12, 1915. She sacrificed herself for the Red Cross; She sacrificed herself for the Country.

A look through the door's peep-hole for the guardian, Sentinel Fritz in Miss Cavell's time, gave a good view, if such was necessary, of what was going on inside. It was a dull day, but there were moments of brightness, and at times rays of light from through the window fell on the portrait of Miss Cavell. Hats were removed as the cell door was opened and silent tributes paid to the one who gave up her life to help others. Chrysanthemums and daisies surrounded the large size photograph of the nurse martyr who is shown in the uniform of her calling. On the table which at night is transformed into a bed is a copy of "Abide With Me." In the corner is the little cupboard containing the drinking cup and heavy pewter dish for food which the prisoners received through the opening in the door. On one of the walls is a crucifix, the rosary usually accompanying it having been removed during Miss Cavell's occupancy, as she was of the Protestant faith.

Things verboten were not overlooked even in the cell of a woman, for Herr Commandantur, despite the manifest impossibility of committing certain infractions, had nevertheless seen fit to publish and post rules and penalties for all who had the misfortune to incur his displeasure. And Miss Cavell's cell today contains this formal warning to all possible offenders. First in German, then in Flemish and French his rules are laid down. Prohibition is enforced; only one letter a week (censored naturally!); get up at six in summer, at seven in winter; no visits; more than 20 marks (pre-war rate) forbidden on one's person—the remainder must be checked; lights out at nine in summer, nine-thirty in winter, and various other regulations.

Efforts made by the American ambassador in Brussels, Mr. Brand Whitlock, in behalf of Miss Cavell, his pleadings with the authorities, the futility thereof and the story of her fate, have been made known, but many of the details of what passed in St. Gilles prison are unknown. The Director said that as this wing and others were under German rule the Belgians had no means of knowing what was transpiring regarding Miss Cavell.

It is perhaps unnecessary now to dwell on the state of the quarters in which Miss Cavell spent her last hours while awaiting the supreme sacrifice, but it may be said that her cell, as well as the others at St. Gilles, is as comfortable, as clean and as sanitary as a cell can be. The cells are sufficiently large, steam heated and well lighted, and there could have been no reason to complain on that score.

Leaving Miss Cavell's cell, that of Madamoiselle Petit was inspected. An inscription in French, somewhat similar to the one on the door of Miss Cavell's cell, is to be seen.